

BLACK DIAMOND
WESTERN

THE FAST-ACTION WESTERN!

BLACK



10¢

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A. C. M. P.

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to the
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CODE

DIAMOND

WESTERN

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NO. 48

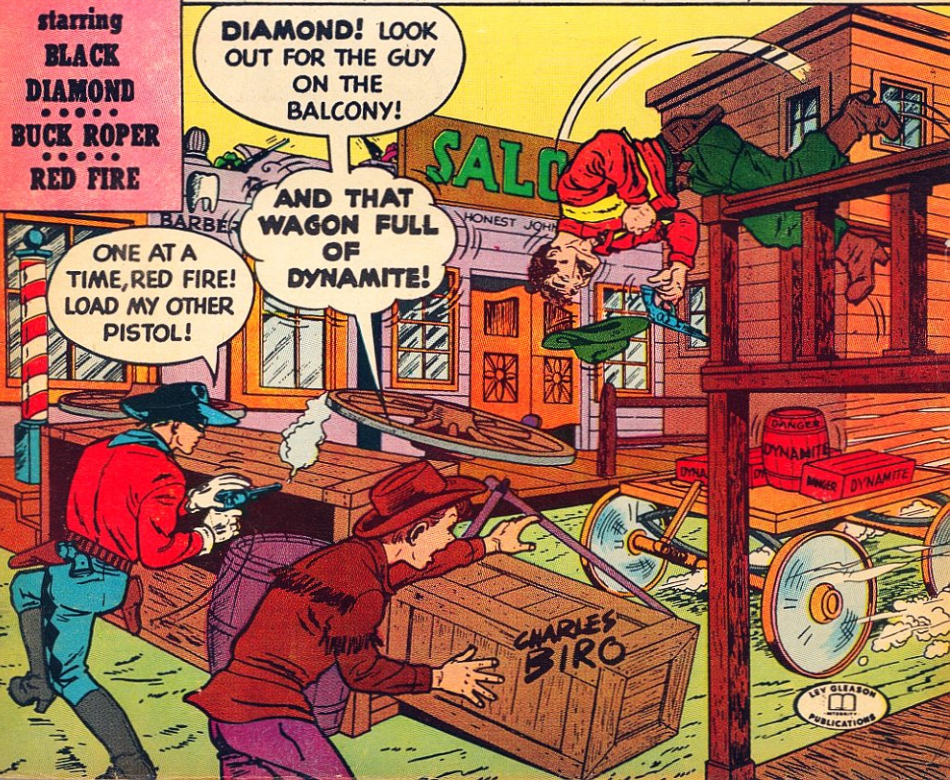
LEV GLEASON, PUB., CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

3 feature-length
thrillerstories
starring
**BLACK
DIAMOND**
•••••
BUCK ROPER
•••••
RED FIRE

DIAMOND! LOOK
OUT FOR THE GUY
ON THE
BALCONY!

AND THAT
WAGON FULL
OF
DYNAMITE!

ONE AT A
TIME, RED FIRE!
LOAD MY OTHER
PISTOL!



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SPACE SHIP - GOLF BAG AND CLUBS
BASEBALL HERO - INDIAN HEAD
PEN-KNIFE - BABY LAMB - SPACE GUN
HEART LOCKET.

ORDER TODAY!!

25 \$1.00
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SNAKE BOW TIE LATEST CRAZE!

MAGIC NEST OF BOXES



GIMME
A
COIN



YOUR
COIN IS
INSIDE!



BOYS! Get this quick! Knock em dead! Wonderful Bow Tie. Girls will admire it - suddenly you give a squeeze, and a big snake jumps out from it. Scores everybody! A barrel of fun - Nothing like it ever!

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25 CHARMS \$1.00 MAGIC KEY 50¢
 NEST OF BOXES 75¢ SNAKE BOW TIE. . . \$1.00

Name

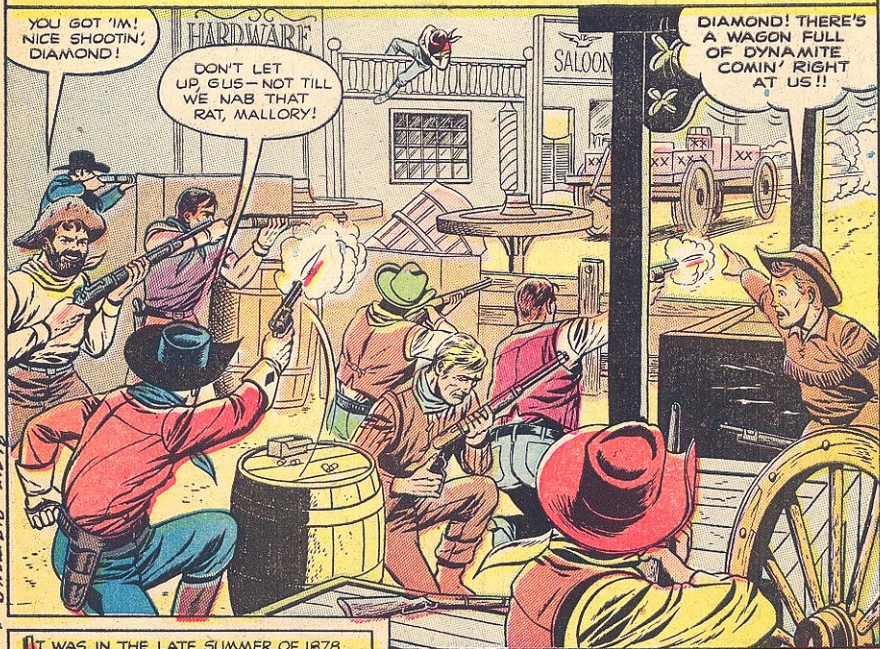
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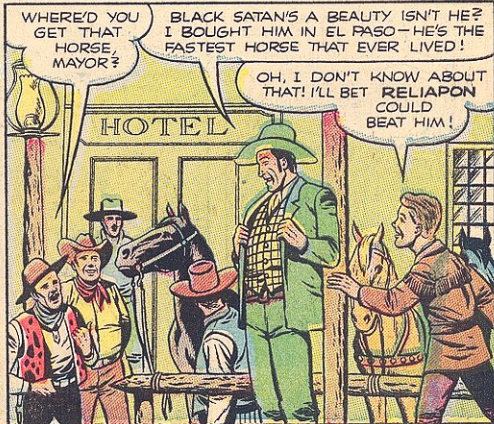
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK IN FIVE DAYS - SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s

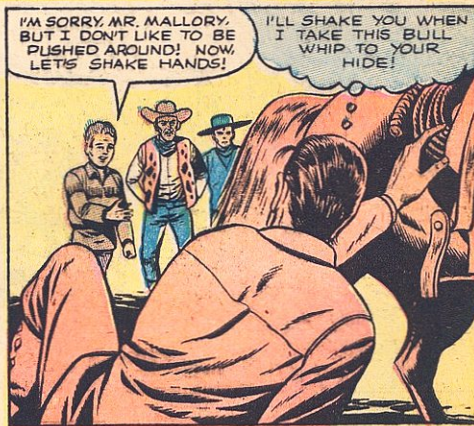
BLACK DIAMOND

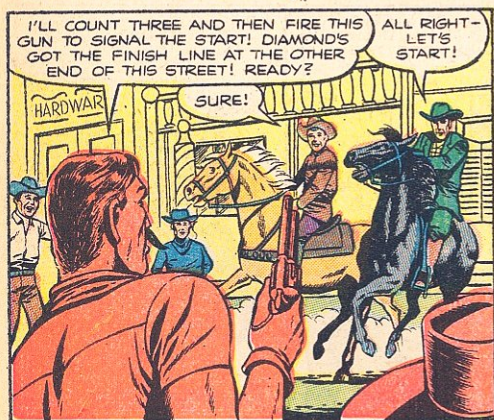
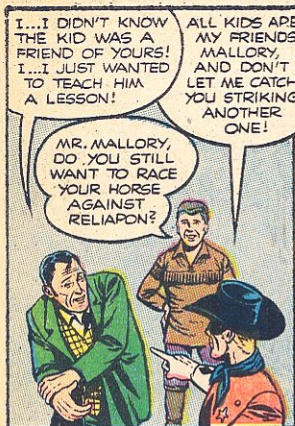
IN "POISONED GOLD"

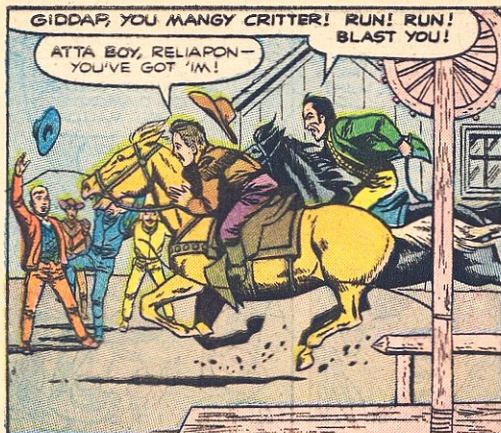


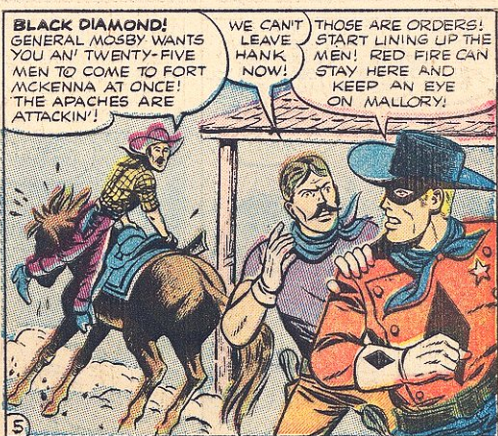
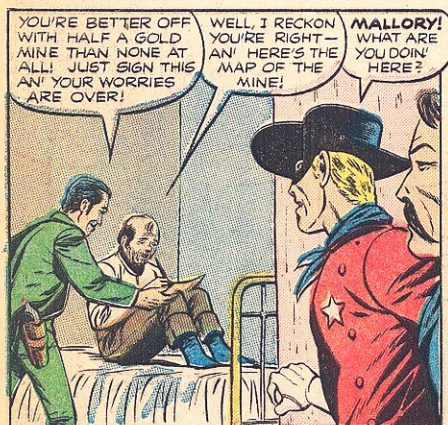
IT WAS IN THE LATE SUMMER OF 1878, WHEN BLACK DIAMOND, BUMPER AND RED FIRE WERE PASSING THROUGH THE SMALL WESTERN TOWN ON SQUATTERS' RIDGE...











WITH TWENTY-FIVE MEN, BLACK DIAMOND RODE OUT OF TOWN...

THERE THEY GO! WE'D BETTER GET TO WORK ON THE MINE, MALLORY!

YEAH! AND WE WON'T HAVE MUCH TIME! I HAVEN'T GOT THE DOUGH TO HIRE A WORK GANG, BUT... I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

THIS TOWN'S GOT LAWS THAT NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT... LAWS THAT GET BROKEN EVERY DAY! BUT WE'RE GONNA START ENFORCING 'EM! AND IF WE CAN'T ARREST EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN IN TOWN, WE'LL PASS SOME NEW LAWS!

LET'S START ARRESTIN'!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

ARREST? WHAT FOR?

THERE'S A LAW SAYS EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN'S GOTTA TAKE HIS TURN STANDIN' GUARD AGAINST INDIANS! YOU'VE NEVER DONE YOUR TURN!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

YOU'RE CRAZY! THERE HAVEN'T BEEN ANY HOSTILE INDIANS AROUND HERE FOR TEN YEARS!

THERE'S A LAW AGAINST WORKING ON SUNDAY, TOO! AN' YOU'RE VIOLATING THAT ONE RIGHT NOW! COME ON, BEFORE WE CHARGE YOU WITH RESISTING ARREST!

I'M YOUR PARTNER AND I'VE GOT A RIGHT TO SAY THAT I DON'T LIKE WHAT YOU'RE DOING! I WANT IT STOPPED, MALLORY!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR DISTURBING THE PEACE, HANK! TOSS HIM IN SOLITARY, SQUINTY!



WHAT DID THEY GET YOU FOR, RED FIRE?

HE CLAIMED I WAS A VAGRANT!

YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY AND I SENTENCE YOU ALL TO THREE MONTHS OF HARD LABOR... IN THE GOLD MINE!

WE'VE GOTTEN FIFTEEN THOUSAND IN LESS THAN A MONTH! THE AGGASSER SAID THIS WAS THE RICHEST VEIN IN THE TERRITORY!

YOU'RE QUITE A BUSINESS MAN, MALLORY!

SNAP IT UP YOU!



ANOTHER MAN'S COLLAPSED, MR. MALLORY! WE HAULED HIM OUT, BUT HE'S DEAD!

GET HIM UNDER GROUND AS SOON AS POSSIBLE... I DON'T WANT THE MEN TO KNOW!



I'VE GOTTA GET OUT AND TELL DIAMOND WHAT'S HAPPENING! I HOPE THAT GUARD DOESN'T TURN AROUND BEFORE I GET THERE...

HOLD IT! I'VE GOTTA CHECK THE CART BEFORE...HEY! WHY, YOU LITTLE BRAT...

LUCKY THAT RIFLE DIDN'T GO OFF! I OUGHT TO BE MILES AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE THEY NOTICE I'VE GONE!

AT THE FORT, MILES AWAY...

THEY'RE MANIACS! THEY JUST KEEP ON COMIN' IN SPITE OF THEIR CASUALTIES!

HERE COMES THE THIRD WAVE... FIRE! AND DON'T STOP UNTIL I GIVE THE SIGNAL!

WE'VE FINALLY STOPPED 'EM, DIAMOND! THEY'LL BE FORCED TO SURRENDER!

CEASE FIRE!!

WE ARE A PROUD RACE, BLACK DIAMOND! BUT WE KNOW WHEN WE ARE BEATEN! ACCEPT THIS AS A SYMBOL OF OUR DEFEAT!

HEY, DIAMOND! SOMEBODY'S RIDIN' THIS WAY!

ALL RIGHT, BOLD EAGLE! WE ACCEPT YOUR BOW AND ARROWS! WE WILL KEEP OUR PROMISE AND I KNOW YOUR BRAVES WILL HONOR THE TERMS OF SURRENDER!

DIAMOND, MALLORY'S TAKEN OVER THE TOWN, AND FORCING EVERYBODY TO WORK IN THE MINE! TWO MEN HAVE DIED ALREADY!

THAT COYOTE! C'MON, MEN, WE'VE GOT A LONG, HARD RIDE AHEAD OF US! GIDDAP, RELIAPON!

LATER...

FORTY THOUSAND ALREADY—NOT BAD, MALLORY!

A FEW MORE WEEKS, AND WE CAN PACK UP AND GET OUT OF HERE...HEY! WHAT'S UP?

BLACK DIAMOND AND HIS MEN ARE COMIN'!



TAKE COVER AND OPEN FIRE AS SOON AS THEY'RE IN RANGE! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM, OR WE'LL LOSE EVERYTHING WE'VE GAINED! HURRY, MEN!



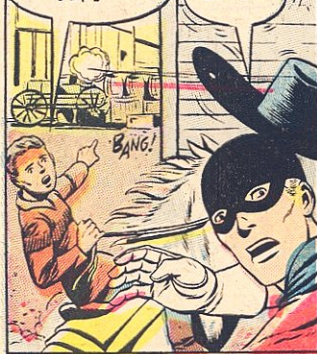
IT LOOKS TOO QUIET, DIAMOND! MAYBE THEY'RE ALL OUT AT THE MINE!

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!



DIAMOND! A BARRICADE OVER THERE... ULP!

TAKE COVER!



WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE, DIAMOND! LET'S RETREAT!

IT'S TOO LATE NOW! WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT, OR DIE!



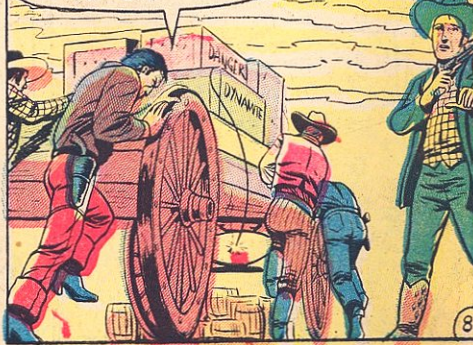
YOU'RE HIT, BUMPER!

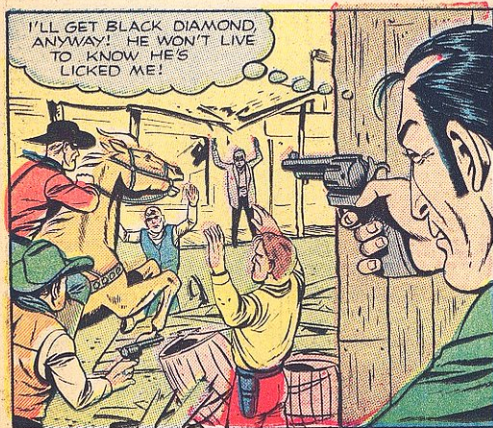
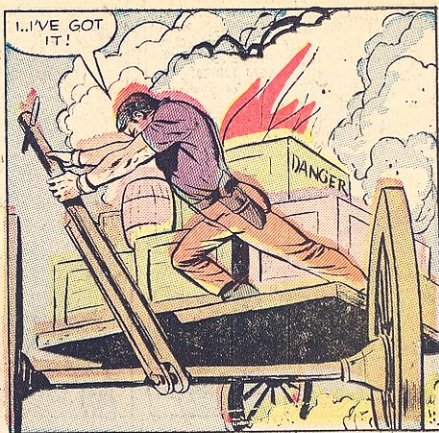
THIS'S NOTHIN'! I CAN STILL PULL A TRIGGER WITH MY LEFT HAND! HURRY UP, AN' GET THAT OTHER GUN LOADED, RED FIRE!



THAT FUSE'LL TOUCH OFF ONE BOX AND THE REST OF 'EM WILL BLOW WITH IT! THIS DYNAMITE OUGHT TO FINISH 'EM!

GET BACK, MEN!







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A SENSATIONAL TRICK that makes a magician of YOU! A Card is freely shown, yet disappears from hand to reappear in spectator's pocket. ITS FREE! If you send us 25¢ coin or stamps for our "BIG" Catalog of 400 Illustrated Tricks.

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Please RUSH one set of Walkie-Talkies!
Enclosed you will find \$1.00

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TALK BETWEEN ROOMS - FROM BUILDING TO BUILDING - BETWEEN HOUSE AND GARAGE - These precision made, plastic walkie-talkies need no batteries, no electric wires, no plug-in. They are made by one of the world's largest manufacturers of walkie-talkies, using VIBRO-MATIC design.



BE A SPACE COMMANDER!

This is the famous SPACE COMMANDER walkie-talkie that is now being sold for \$1. Each set has two sending-receiving units so you can hold two-way conversations, send messages, songs, etc. for many feet over conductor lines. Works indoors or out. Get your set today - (Sorry, no C.O.D.'s)

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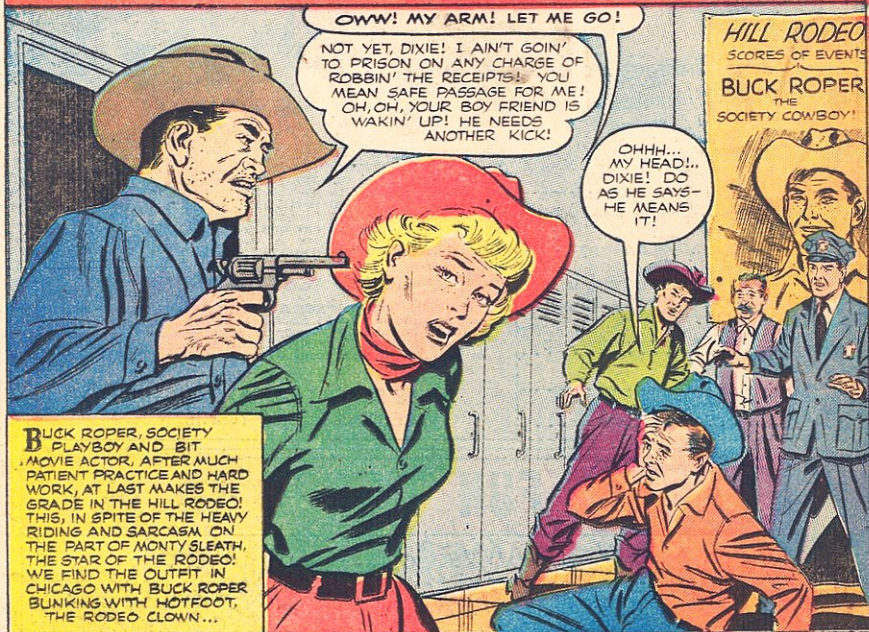


EVERYTHING A FUN-
LOVING YOUTH HOLDS
DEAR IS IN THIS
GREATEST OF ALL
CHILDREN'S
MAGAZINES!

ON YOUR NEWSTANDS — NOW!

BUCK ROPER

IN "DRAWN AND QUARTERED"



OWW! MY ARM! LET ME GO!

NOT YET, DIXIE! I AIN'T GOIN' TO PRISON ON ANY CHARGE OF ROBBIN' THE RECEIPTS! YOU MEAN SAFE PASSAGE FOR ME! OH, OH, YOUR BOY FRIEND IS WAKIN' UP! HE NEEDS ANOTHER KICK!

OH... MY HEAD!.. DIXIE! DO AS HE SAYS— HE MEANS IT!

HILL RODEO
SCORES OF EVENTS
BUCK ROPER
THE SOCIETY COWBOY!

BUCK ROPER, SOCIETY PLAYBOY AND BIT MOVIE ACTOR, AFTER MUCH PATIENT PRACTICE AND HARD WORK, AT LAST MAKES THE GRADE IN THE HILL RODEO! THIS, IN SPITE OF THE HEAVY RIDING AND SARCASTIC ON THE PART OF MONTY SLEATH, THE STAR OF THE RODEO! WE FIND THE OUTFIT IN CHICAGO WITH BUCK ROPER BUNKING WITH HOTFOOT, THE RODEO CLOWN...

AHH, GOOD OL' CHICAGO! SOON'S I GET UNPACKED I'M GONNA HIT THE HOT SPOTS AN'...HEY, BUCK, AIN'T YOU UNPACKIN' YOUR DUDS?

NOT YET, HOT-FOOT! MR. HILL SAID TO COME OVER AND SEE HIM RIGHT AFTER WE GET IN! SOUNDED MIGHTY IMPORTANT!

YOU SEEM TROUBLED, MR. HILL! ANYTHING WRONG?

WE MAY BE IN TROUBLE IF WE DON'T THINK OF SOMETHING NEW TO ATTRACT LARGE CROWDS! WE HAVE TO WORK ON A BIG SCALE NOW—BIG TOWN MEANS HUGE COSTS, TOO! I'VE GOT AN IDEA... AND THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN!

Y'SEE, CHICAGO'S A LINK BETWEEN EAST AND WEST, AND I THINK THEY'D GO FOR THE NEW BILLING I HAVE IN MIND... "THE SOCIETY COWBOY"! I KNOW YOU'RE GOOD ENOUGH! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

WHY, IT'S A GREAT IDEA! SURE GO AHEAD! I'LL DO MY BEST!



SO CLAY'S GONNA GIVE ROPER HIS BIG CHANCE... BLAST HIM! I'VE BEEN TREATED SECOND RATE SINCE HE HIT THE RODEO. EVEN BY DIXIE! NOW, CLAY'S MAKIN' HIM THE STAR! WELL...



... SINCE CLAY'S HAVING TROUBLE MEETIN' HIS BILLS, I GOT AN IDEA! MAYBE I CAN DITCH CLAY AND ROPER, AND MAKE MYSELF THE RODEO BOSS! WITH ROPER OUTTA THE WAY, DIXIE'LL STOP MOONIN' OVER HIM!



Y'SEE, MR. DODGE, THE RODEO'D DO BETTER IF YOU STUCK TO THE BIG TOWN INSTEAD OF WASTIN' TIME AT JERK-WATER STOPS! IT'S A PAYIN' BUSINESS! BUT CLAY HILL'S A SUCKER!... ALWAYS THINKS OF GIVIN' THE HICK TOWNS A BREAK!



HE WON'T HAVE A CHOICE! HE NEEDS THE RECEIPTS HERE IN CHICAGO TO GET HIM OUTTA THE RED, NOW! BUT A LITTLE SABOTAGE WOULD FINISH HIM COMPLETELY! THEN YOU STEP IN, PAY THE BILLS AND YOU'VE GOT IT! ALL I WANT OUTTA THIS IS TO RUN THE SHOW!



LATER, IN THE RODEO DRESSING ROOM, BUCK IS GETTING SOME EXTRA POINTERS FROM HOTFOOT, BEFORE THE BIG OPENING ...

I SURE APPRECIATE THE TIME YOU'RE SPENDING TO HELP POLISH ME UP, HOTFOOT!

AWW, FORGET IT! ...

WELL, WELL... IF IT ISN'T OUR PLAYBOY!



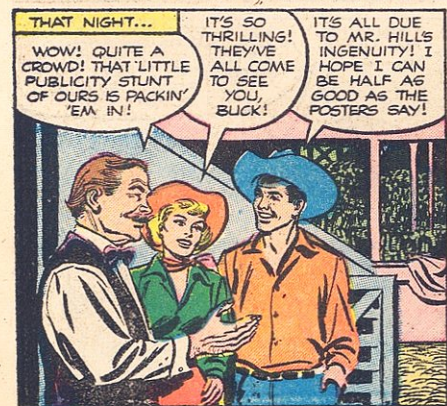
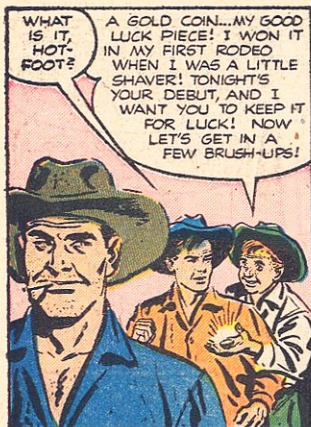
I TOLD YOU BEFORE, MONTY... DON'T CALL ME PLAYBOY!

TEMPERAMENTAL CRITTER, AIN'T YA? I'M WISE TO YOU, ROPER. YOU SOCIETY BRATS ARE ALL ALIKE! YOU'RE JUST HANGIN' AROUND HERE TO GET YOUR KICKS... WHILE THEY LAST! BUT TO US THE RODEO MEANS WORK! YOU'RE A PHONY, ROPER!

PHONY? WHY YOU DIRTY...

BUCK--STOP! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS YOU TO DO? DON'T GIVE HIM THE SATISFACTION! BUCK! I I... I FORGOT TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING!

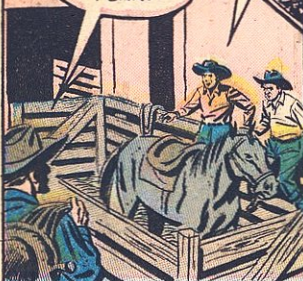




TIME FOR MONTY SLEATH IN THE CALF-ROPING CONTEST IS 14 AND SEVEN-TENTHS SECONDS! NEXT, THE SENSATIONAL SOCIETY COWBOY, BUCK ROPER!

TRY BEATIN' THAT, SOCIETY PUNK!

WHY, YOU...



CALM DOWN, BUCK! HE'S DELIBERATELY TRYIN' TO UPSET YOU 'CAUSE HE KNOWS YOU'VE IMPROVED ENOUGH TO MAKE A GOOD SHOWIN' AND WIN SOME OF THE PRIZE MONEY AWAY FROM HIM!

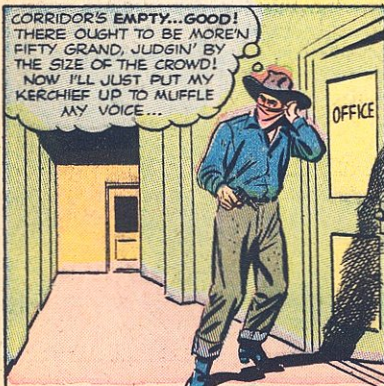
OKAY, HOTFOOT... I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!



CALF-ROPIN' OUGHTA KEEP THAT DUMB DUDE BUSY FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES! ENOUGH TIME FOR MY PLAN! HILL SHOULD BE IN THE OFFICE COUNTIN' THE CASH RECEIPTS NOW!



CORRIDOR'S EMPTY...GOOD! THERE OUGHT TO BE MORE'N FIFTY GRAND, JUDGIN' BY THE SIZE OF THE CROWD! NOW I'LL JUST PUT MY KERCHIEF UP TO MUFFLE MY VOICE...



MEANWHILE, IN THE CENTER OF THE ARENA, BUCK WAS IN THE MIST OF HIS EFFORT TO BEAT MONTY'S TIME...

GOT HIM DOWN WITH THE FIRST THROW! MY BEST SHOWING OF THE NIGHT! GOTTA GET THOSE LEGS TIED...FAST!



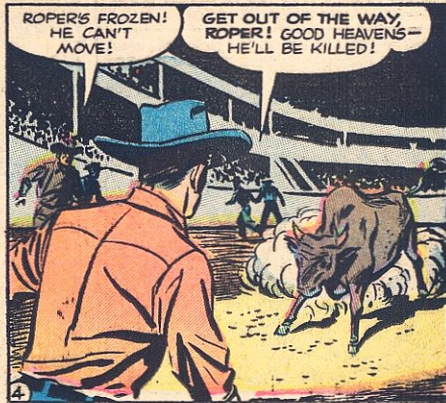
BUCK ROPER, THE SOCIETY COWBOY, HITS THE LOWEST MARK OF THE EVENING AT THIRTEEN AND FIVE TENTHS SECONDS!

LOOK OUT! ONE OF THOSE BRAHMA BULLS HAS BROKEN LOOSE!



ROPER'S FROZEN! HE CAN'T MOVE!

GET OUT OF THE WAY, ROPER! GOOD HEAVENS—HE'LL BE KILLED!



MEANWHILE, AT THE OFFICE...

WELL, THIS TAKES ME OUTTA THE RED! AFTER I PAY THE BILLS, WE'LL BE ABLE TO INVEST IN SOME LIVESTOCK!

YEAH! CHICAGO SURE HAS BEEN GOOD TO US, MR. HILL!



HEY— T...THE LIGHTS...

DO AS I SAY, OR I'LL SHOOT! SHOVE THE DOUGH IN THAT METAL BOX FRONTO, AN' GIVE IT TO ME! C'MON, MOVE!



SHUT UP! AND DON'T SHOW YOUR HEADS OUTSIDE THE DOOR IF YOU DON'T WANT 'EM BLASTED OFF! STAY INSIDE TILL I'M OUT OF SIGHT!

SOON AS I'M OUTSIDE THE DOOR, I'LL DROP THE COIN!



W...WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM! I'M RUINED IF HE GETS AWAY WITH THAT MONEY!

NO! DON'T! IF HE SEES YOU, HE'LL SHOOT, AND... WAIT! LOOK THERE! HE DROPPED SOMETHING!



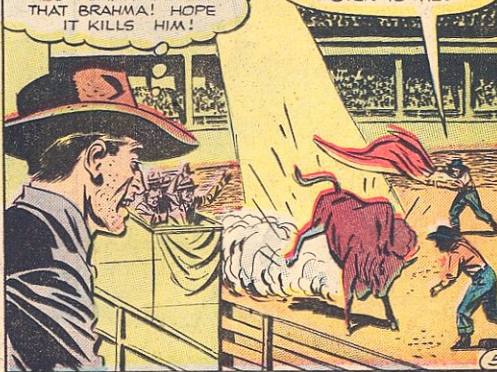
TURNING SHARPLY WITH THE CORRIDOR, MONTY LEAPED INTO THE DRESSING ROOM, EMPTIED THE BOX'S CONTENTS AND...

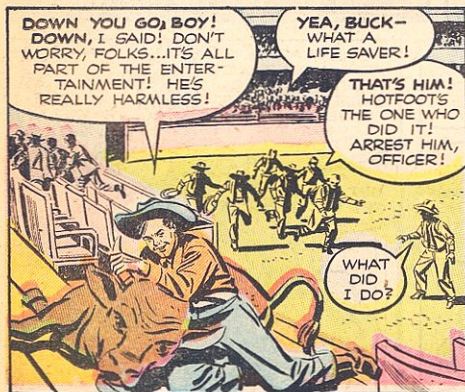
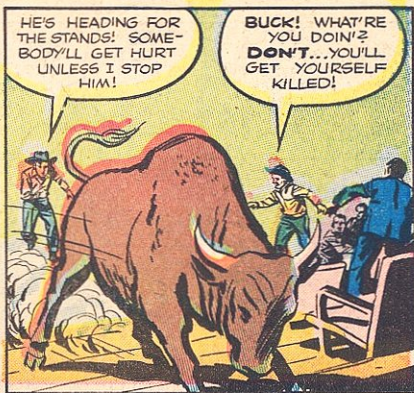
JUST IN CASE THAT GOOD LUCK COIN AIN'T ENOUGH PROOF, I'LL LEAVE THE EMPTY BOX UNDER ROPER'S LOCKER! NOW, TO HEAD BACK TO THE ARENA! IT'LL LOOK LIKE HE PULLED THE JOB RIGHT AFTER HIS CALF-ROPING ACT!

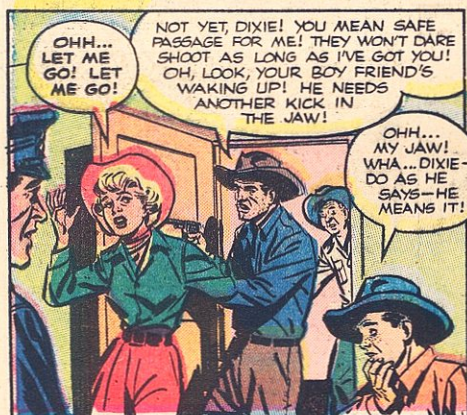


WHA... ROPER'S STILL ON THE FLOOR! BLAST IT— HE'S PLAYIN' TAG WITH THAT BRAHMA! HOPE IT KILLS HIM!

HERE, BABY, HERE! BUCK! LEAD HIM OVER TO ME!







LOOK!

AT THESE
4 WONDER
4 BARGAINS

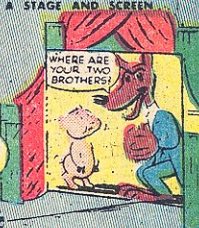
ELECTRIC MOVIE PROJECTOR

REAL
LIVE ACTION MOVIES!
HERE'S WHAT YOU GET... A
REAL PROJECTOR, 1 FILM,
A STAGE AND SCREEN



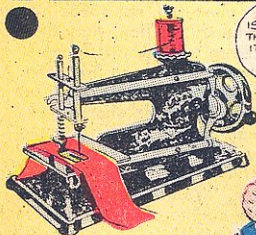
LET'S CHARGE
ADMISSION!

BOY
WHAT
FUN!



ALL
FOR ONLY **\$298**
3 EXTRA FILMS \$100

3 REAL SEWING MACHINE



GEE, THIS
IS FUN! I MADE
THIS DRESS WITH
IT, AND I'LL MAKE
HUNDREDS
MORE!

READY FOR ACTION
NOW YOU CAN MAKE MANY
LOVELY DRESSES FOR YOURSELF
AND YOUR DOLLS, OR MAKE EXTRA
MONEY SELLING THINGS YOU
MAKE! COMPLETE WITH TABLE
CLAMP, SPOOL, THREAD
AND NEEDLE.



DON'T PASS
IT UP!

IT'S
ONLY **\$298**

2 "HAPPY" THE COWBOY

I'M
TERRIFIC!

- HE'S OVER 19" TALL!
- MOVES HIS MOUTH,
ARMS AND LEGS!
- REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

HEY KIDS - HERE'S YOUR
CHANCE TO BECOME A
MASTER VENTRILOQUIST - IN
A JIFFY! IMAGINE - YOU
CAN MAKE, HAPPY THE
COWBOY ACTUALLY TALK
IN YOUR OWN VOICE. OF
COURSE! PULL THE STRING
IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD
- WATCH HIS LIPS MOVE -
HEAR YOUR OWN WORDS
COMING RIGHT OUT OF
HAPPY'S MOUTH! SEE HOW
REAL HE LOOKS - RIGGED UP
IN A COWBOY HAT, WASH-
ABLE FLAID SHIRT AND
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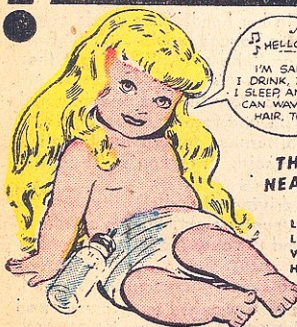


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The PHANTOM REDSKIN



A hot wind whipped in low across the desert, blowing sand against the legs of the horses, as they carried their riders into the small desert town of Eagle Rock, Wyoming. Bob Vale, better known as the Black Diamond, sat easy in his saddle, his eyes narrowed, not speaking. His sidekick, Bumper, rode beside him. When they reached the sheriff's office, they dismounted, tied their horses, and walked inside. The sheriff was able to tell them little more than what they had been told when they were given the assignment. Four men had been murdered, each by an arrow, and each had been scalped. They had not been robbed, and in each case, an Indian had been seen near the scene of the murder. When the sheriff had finished, Diamond spoke. "How long since you've had any real trouble with Indians around here?" The sheriff scratched his head: "Ten . . . Fifteen years, I reckon. Why?"

"I dunno," Black Diamond said. "Just wondered. Any Indians live around here?" The sheriff's eyes narrowed, and a look of hatred crept into them. "Yeah. We got a band of the thieving scoundrels livin' about fifteen miles outa town. We oughta clear the whole lot of 'em outa there! They got no right squattin' there -- killin' our men!"

Diamond smiled wryly. "They were squattin' there a long time before you or I were born. I reckon they'll be there a mite longer." He rose, gestured for Bumper to join him, and walked out to the horses. "Did you learn anything?" Bumper asked. "I learned the sheriff doesn't like Indians," Bob said.

Bumper followed as Bob rode out to a small frame house near the edge of town. The door was answered by a slight pale woman of about forty. Diamond took off his hat. "I'm a U.S. Marshal, ma'am. I'd like to ask you a few questions, if I may." She gestured for them to enter.

"I'm investigating your husband's death," Bob began, but she cut him off. "Why?" she asked fiercely. "Those Indians killed him!"

"How do you know it was Indians?"

"He was . . ." She stopped suddenly, burying her face in her hands. The words came indistinctly, "Nobody but Indians kill that way. Nobody but a savage would . . ." Bob Vale rose, putting a hand on her shoulder. "I'm sorry, ma'am," he said. "We'll get the killer. Don't worry."

A short ride carried them to another house, and another tragic story like the one they had just heard. The dead man had no enemies; nothing but a wife and family, a few cattle, a house, and a scrubby farm. And in each case there was bitterness toward the Indians.

Riding back toward town in the gathering darkness, Bumper said, "I reckon we'll need a whole cavalry unit to drive off those Indians."

"Keep your shirt on, Bumper," Diamond said. "We're not driving off anybody just yet." Bumper shook his head in wonderment. He knew Bob was usually right, but he certainly couldn't understand this time. Indians had killed four men, and the only Indians in the area lived on the reservation. It was as simple as that!

As they entered the dusty streets of the town, they heard a sudden scream, and spurred their horses forward. A man ran brokenly toward them, and as they watched an arrow whirred through the air and buried itself beside the one already sticking from his back. He pitched forward into the dust. A few hundred yards away stood a lithe redman, his strong bow

gripped in his hand. Seeing the masked man, he turned and darted for an alley. Drawing his pistol, Bob leaped off his horse and followed. As he moved cautiously forward, he heard a slight noise to one side, and whirled. He had just time to squeeze the trigger before something crashing into the side of his head, and he fell crazily sideways, and lay still.

He came to, on a desk in the sheriff's office. Bumper explained that he had found Bob's unconscious body, and had carried him here, where his wound had been treated. Bob looked around, and asked for the sheriff. "He's tryin' to talk sense to the mob," Bumper said. Bob sat up quickly. "Mob? What mob? What are you talking about?"

"They're forming a mob to go out and kill the Indians." Ignoring the sharp pains in his head, Bob leaped down off the desk, and raced outside. Before Bumper could stop him, he was riding down the hard packed earth of the main street.

Even before they got to the main square, they could hear the angry mutters of the crowd. "You ain't gettin' in our way, are you?" cried a shrill voice. "I wouldn't, even if I could! They've got it coming!" the sheriff shouted. One man rode out from the mob and raised his right hand. "Let's go, then," he cried, and the group turned their horses toward the Indian camp.

The Black Diamond spurred Reliapon forward so that he stood between the angry mob and their target. He raised his hand, commanding them to stop. Seeing that they were not going to listen, he put his hand on his gun, and the crowd grew silent. Their leader rode forward. "Don't try and stop us," he said.

"You've got no right to take the law into your own hands!"
"We've got to stop those redskins before they kill us all! If the law don't do it, we're gonna be the law!" The crowd muttered its assent, edging forward, anxious to get on with their ugly job. Bob Vale shouted louder. "You don't know the Indians did this! You're judging them without proof!" As Bob was speaking, he noticed that the sheriff had ridden up beside him. "These men have all the proof they need," he said. "They've got five bodies!" Besides, you tried to kill him before, didn't you? What's wrong with tryin' again?"

Diamond's eyes narrowed, as he listened. The mob was again inching forward, and he knew he could not hold them much longer without resorting to violence, and he knew they would kill him if he did. Speaking in a casual way, Diamond said. "Did you get that wound taken care of?"

"Sure, the doc . . ." the sheriff stopped, his eyes growing sharper. "What wound? What are you talking about?" Before the sheriff could stop him, Diamond reached forward and rubbed his finger behind the sheriff's ear, and brought it away covered with something that looked like brown paint. "Greasepaint," Diamond said. "How about it, sheriff, you going to tell us now?" Before Diamond could draw, the sheriff whipped out a gun from its holster, and trained it on the masked man. Diamond kept his eyes on the sheriff's face, knowing he could tell when the man had decided to shoot. He kept talking. "It wasn't hard to figure. Nobody knew I'd shot the man who attacked me, except him!"

The mob grew silent, hanging on Vale's every word. "It was gold wasn't it?"

Bob went on. "You found gold on the Indian reservation and you had to drive them off before you could mine it. It was easier to get the town stirred up against the redskins, and have them do your dirty job for you. Is that right?"

"Pretty smart, aren't you?" the sheriff muttered. He glanced quickly about him, seeing the cold eyes of the mob. "I'm gonna ride out of this square," he shouted. "And the first person that moves gets shot."

No one spoke. Black Diamond's hand shot out, pointing off to the sheriff's right. "That man!" he cried. The sheriff's eyes were diverted for a second, and Diamond raised his left leg, pushed it against Reliapon's neck, and shoved his body through the air toward the sheriff. The sheriff whirled and fired, but the shot went wild. Diamond's body hit him, and they tumbled onto the ground. Diamond rolled over, and the sheriff brought his heavy foot up to Diamond's stomach. Reaching out and grabbing his shirt, Diamond brought his right fist up sharply, catching the sheriff on the flat of his jaw. Diamond pulled himself erect, smashing blow after blow into the sheriff's body, until he fell limp in the dust before him.

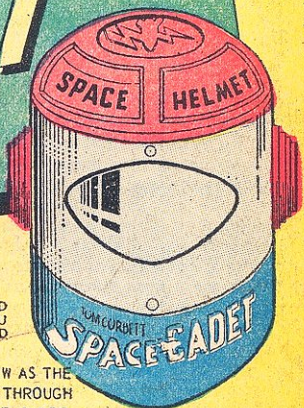
The leader of the mob dismounted and held out his hand to the Black Diamond. "Thanks, Diamond," he said. "I reckon you taught us all a good lesson. We'd have killed a lot of innocent men afore we learned that nobody kin take the law into their own hands! We ain't got much law out here yet, but I kin see that we gotta stick by it!"

Diamond smiled without speaking and shook the man's hand. Then Bumper lifted the limp form of the sheriff and laid it across his horse and the two lawmen and their prisoner started across the desert toward Cheyenne.

The End

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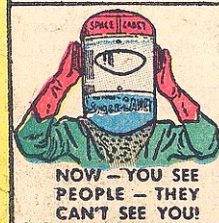
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RED FIRE

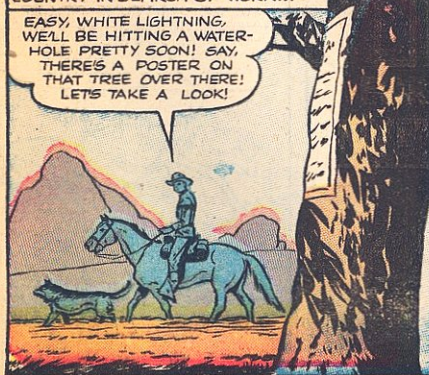
IN "DEADLINE FOR THE
CATTLE DRIVE"

DURING THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE WILD WEST, A NUMBER OF POWERFUL MEN HAVE SOUGHT TO SET UP TERRITORIAL EMPIRES! TO ACQUIRE LAND, THEY HAVE LIED, CHEATED, STOLEN AND KILLED! ONE OF THESE MEN WAS KYLE MANSON, WHO ALMOST SUCCEEDED... UNTIL RED FIRE ENTERED HIS TERRITORY!



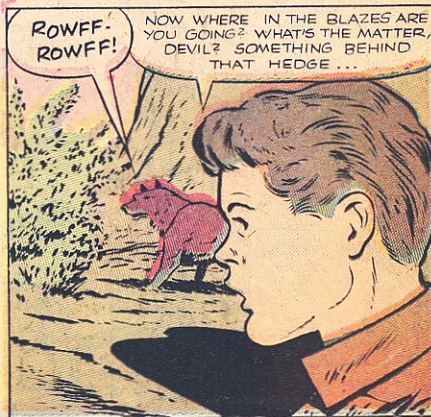
IT WAS A MERCILESSLY HOT SUMMER DAY IN 1881 THAT RED FIRE GALLOPED TOWARD CATTLE COUNTRY IN SEARCH OF WORK...

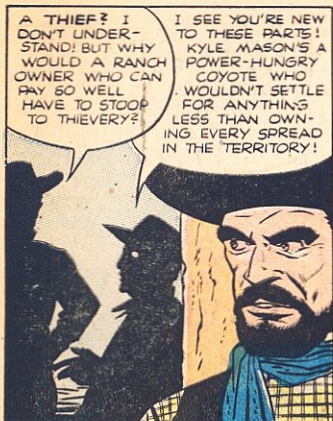
EASY, WHITE LIGHTNING, WE'LL BE HITTING A WATER-HOLE PRETTY SOON! SAY, THERE'S A POSTER ON THAT TREE OVER THERE! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!



SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS A MONTH! WOW! EVEN THE TOP OUTFITS NEVER PAY MORE THAN SIXTY! WHAT LUCK-- LET'S GO!





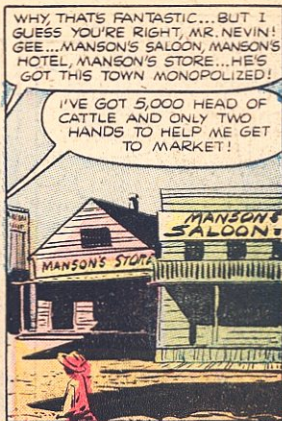


A THIEF? I DON'T UNDERSTAND! BUT WHY WOULD A RANCH OWNER WHO CAN PAY SO WELL HAVE TO STOOP TO THIEVERY?

I SEE YOU'RE NEW TO THESE PARTS! KYLE, MASON'S A POWER-HUNGRY COYOTE WHO WOULDN'T SETTLE FOR ANYTHING LESS THAN OWNING EVERY SPREAD IN THE TERRITORY!



MY NAME'S CHUCK NEVIN! I OWN THE SMOKY-N-RANCH! I RAN A NICE OUTFIT TILL MANSON OFFERED MOST OF MY HANDS MORE'N I COULD AFFORD! HE BOUGHT UP MY MORTGAGES AND WANTS TO KEEP ME FROM SHIPPIN' MY CATTLE SO HE CAN DRIVE ME OUT!



WHY, THAT'S FANTASTIC... BUT I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. NEVIN! GEE... MANSON'S SALOON, MANSON'S HOTEL, MANSON'S STORE... HE'S GOT THIS TOWN MONOPOLIZED!

I'VE GOT 5,000 HEAD OF CATTLE AND ONLY TWO HANDS TO HELP ME GET TO MARKET!



THE MONEY I'D GET WOULD SAVE THE RANCH! THAT'S WHY I'M IN TOWN LOOKING FOR SIX MORE MEN!

WELL, NOW YOU NEED ONLY FIVE, MR. NEVIN! MY NAME'S RED FIRE!

OH, OH—MANSON WOULD LIKE TO KNOW THIS!



HEY, KYLE! I JUST SPOTTED OLD MAN NEVIN'S TALKIN' TO A KID! HE JUST HIRED HIM AS A COWHAND!

HIRIN' A KID, EH? HA—I GUESS THAT MEANS WE'VE GOT EVERY ABLE HAND ON OUR PAYROLL!



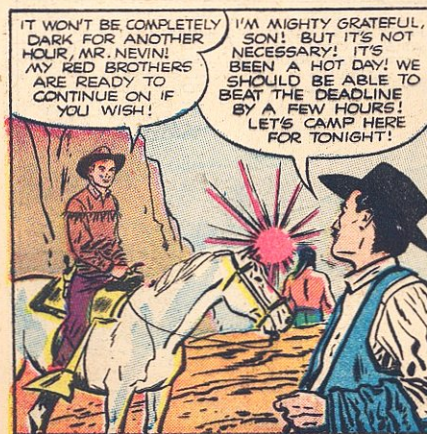
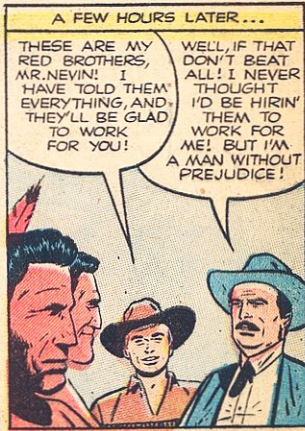
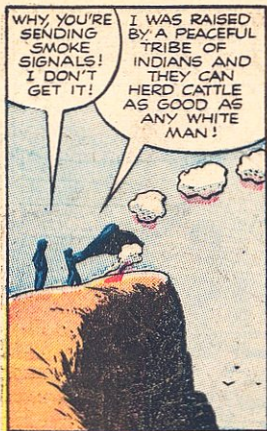
B...BUT SUPPOSE HE STARTS HIS CATTLE DRIVE?

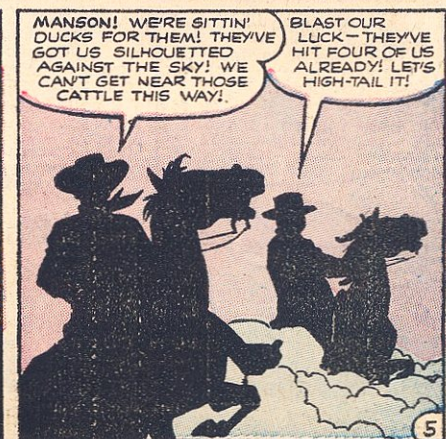
WITH WHAT? HOW ARE TWO MEN, A KID AND AN OLD WINDBAG GONNA GET 5,000 HEAD OF CATTLE TO MARKET? G'WAN, BEAT IT, STUPID!



I DON'T KNOW, RED FIRE! THE DEADLINE'S AT SUNDOWN DAY AFTER TOMORROW MORNING!

WAIT—I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I CAN GET ALL THE HANDS YOU NEED! JUST GET ME A BLANKET AND POINT OUT THE HIGHEST HILL AROUND HERE!





WE DROVE 'EM OFF! I NEVER SAW SUCH SHOOTIN'! MUST'VE GOTTEN AT LEAST FIVE OF 'EM! CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, FELLERS!

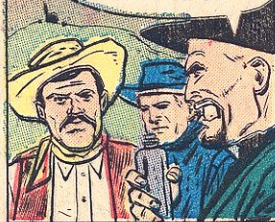
YOU HIRE US FOR JOB, WE DO JOB!

I DON'T THINK MANSON'LL GIVE UP SO EASILY! WE BETTER POST SENTRIES IN TWO-HOUR SHIFTS!



WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME, BOSS! THEY'LL BE PREPARED IF WE TRY AGAIN TONIGHT!

I KNOW, BUT I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA! REMEMBER THAT WATER HOLE WE POISONED AS A TEST? TAKE THIS BOTTLE AND USE IT ON EVERY WATER HOLE NEVIN IS APT TO STOP AT BEFORE THE DEPOT!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING ...

SOMETHING WRONG, MR. NEVIN? WHY'RE YOU LOOKIN' AT THE SKY?

IT'S COOL NOW, RED FIRE, BUT TODAY'S GONNA BE A REAL SCORCHER! GOOD THING WE'LL HIT THAT WATER HOLE ABOUT NOON TIME! AFTER YESTERDAY'S HEAT, THE CATTLE NEED A DRINK!



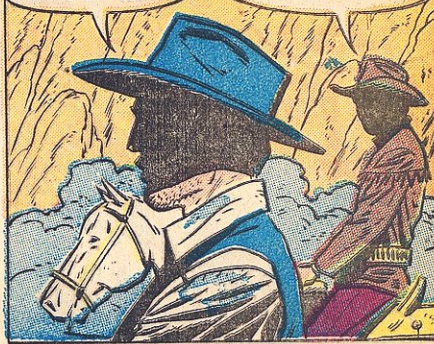
YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. NEVIN—IT'S REALLY GETTING HOT! WHERE'S THE WATER HOLE?

LESS THAN A MILE, RED FIRE! WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO STICK IT OUT TILL THEN!



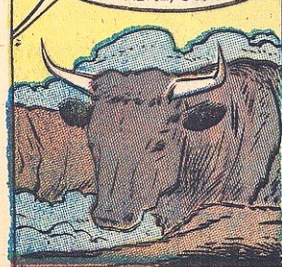
BUT I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THE CATTLE ARE ACTING UP! THIS HEAT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE 'EM LOCO!

I'M MORE WORRIED ABOUT MANSON! I KNOW HE'S THE TYPE THAT'LL TRY SOMETHING ELSE TO STOP US!



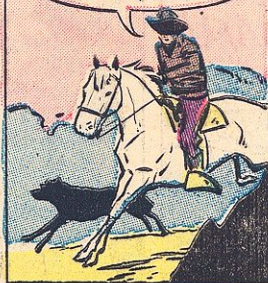
YOU'RE RIGHT, RED FIRE, AND YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT HIS TACTICS WILL BE NEXT!

MAYBE NOT, BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH! HEY, THERE'S THE WATER HOLE UP AHEAD! STOP THE CATTLE! DON'T LET 'EM DRINK YET! DEVIL! COME HERE, BOY!



WHAT D'YA MEAN, DON'T LET 'EM DRINK! THEIR TONGUES ARE HANGIN' OUT!

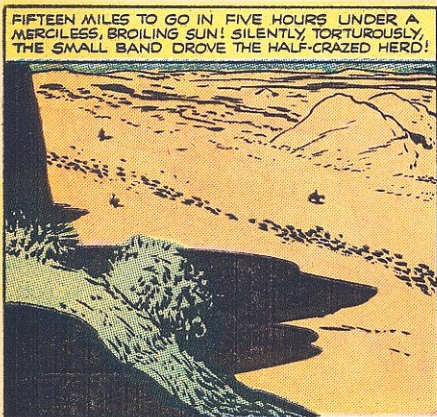
YOU DON'T WANT A HERD OF DEAD CATTLE, DO YOU? I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING, MR. NEVIN! C'WON, DEVIL!

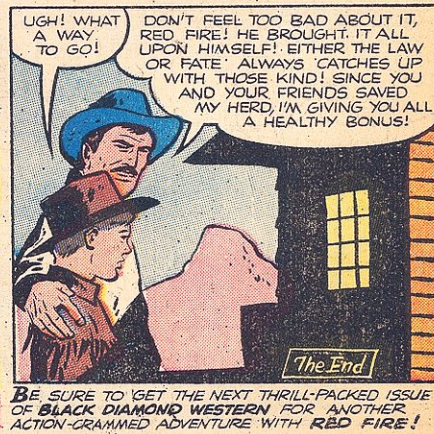
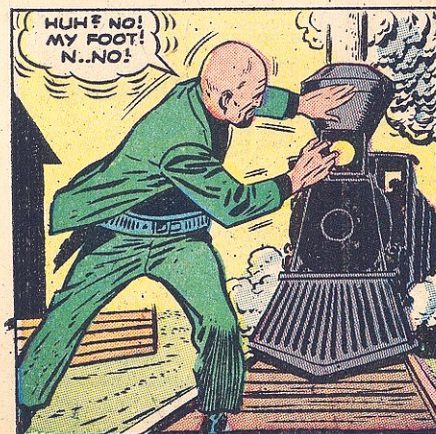
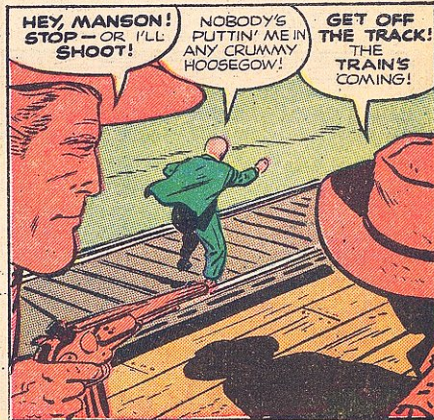


WHAT'S UP, RED FIRE? THE CATTLE WILL GO CRAZY WITHOUT WATER!

YOU WOULDN'T WANT 'EM TO DRINK. POISONED WATER, WOULD YOU? C'MON, DEVIL, DRINK! UH-HUH, SEE THAT? HE'S AS THIRSTY AS THE CATTLE, BUT HE WON'T DRINK! MANSON'S POISONED THIS WATER!







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Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY

12" high! Given to pupil making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vice-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up

that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"**DYNAMIC TENSION**!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny chested weakling I was at 17

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When you have learned to develop your strength through "**Dynamic Tension**," you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DOF MANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"**Dynamic Tension**"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "**Dynamic Tension**," almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD THE MUSCLE** and **VITALITY** you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—professional wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

ARE YOU

- Skiny, Weak and run down?
- Always tired?
- Nervous?
- Lacking in confidence?
- Constipated?
- Suffering from bad breath?
- Fat and flabby?
- Do you want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

FREE Illustrated 32-Page Book, Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "**Everlasting Health and Strength**." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "**Dynamic Tension**" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely **FREE**. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS**, Dept. 25410, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.



Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4¼ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—J. W., Montana

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 25410
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

- (Check as many as you like)
- More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
 - Broader Chest and Shoulders
 - More Powerful Arms and Grip
 - Slimmer Waist and Hips
 - Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
 - More Powerful Leg Muscles
 - Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely **FREE** a copy of your famous book "**Everlasting Health and Strength**"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Age _____

(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.